

## WOULD I BE SHRIVED

(Note: To many, the following poem attributed to Francois Villon will be new, as it does not appear in any of the collections credited to the French poet of the fifteenth century. The style, however, is undeniably his and there is good authority for considering it a genuine Villon production.—Editor.)

I, Francois Villon, taen 'at last  
To th' rude bed where all must lie  
Fain would forget the turbid past  
And lay me down in peace to die.  
"Would I be shrived?" Ah, can I tell?  
My sins but trifles seem to be,  
Nor worth the dignity of hell;  
If not, then it 'valleth me  
To name them one and all—and yet—  
There is something which I regret.

The sack of abbeyes, many a brawl,  
A score of knife-thrusts in the dark,  
Forced oft by fate against the wall,  
And years in donjons, cold and stark—  
These crimes and pains seem far away  
Now that I come at length to die;  
Tis idle for the past to pray,  
(Tis hopeless for the past to sigh;)  
These are a troubled dream—and yet—  
For them I have but scant regret.

The toll my mother lived to know,  
What years I lay in graves for debt;  
A pretty song heard long ago;  
Where I know not. When? I forget.  
The crust I once kept for my own  
(Though all too scant for my poor use).  
The friend I left to die alone,  
(Pardie, the watchman passed me close).  
Trifles, against my crimes to set,  
Yet these are all which I regret.

Captains and cutthroats, not a few,  
And maidens fair of many clime  
Have named me friend in that wild past  
Whereas we wallowed in the slime;  
Gamblers and rogues and clever thieves,  
And unfrocked priests, a sorry crew,  
(How stubbornly the memory cleaves  
To all who have befriended you.)  
I drain a cup to them—and yet  
'Tis not for such I feel regret.

My floundered horse who died for me,  
(Nor whip, nor spur was his, I ween.)  
That day the hangman looked to see  
Poor Villon earth and sky between.  
A mongrel cur who shared my lot  
Three bitter winters on the Isle;  
He held the rabble off, God wot.  
One-time I cheated in the deal;  
'Twas but an instant, while I fled  
Down the vile alley, known to me—  
Back in the tavern he lay dead;  
The gamblers raged—but I went free.  
Humble, poor brutes at best; and yet—  
They are the friends whom I regret.

And eke the lillies were ablow  
Through all the sunny fields of France,  
I marked one whiter than the snow  
And would have gathered it, perchance,  
Had not some trifle I forget  
(A bishop's loot, a cask of wine,  
Fleeced from some cabaret—a bet—)  
Distracted this wild head of mine.  
A childish fancy this,—and yet—  
It is a thing that I regret.

Again I rode through Picardy  
What time the vine was in the bud;

A little maiden smiled at me,  
I might have kissed her, an' I would—  
I've known a thousand maidens since;  
And many have been kind to me—  
I've never seen one quite so fair  
As she, that day in Picardy.  
Ashes of roses, these—and yet—  
These are the things which I regret.

One perfect lily grew for me,  
And blossomed on another's breast;  
Others have clasped the little hands  
Whose rosy palms I might have pressed;  
So, as I die, my wasted youth  
Mocks my dim eyes and fading breath—  
Still, I have lived. And having lived  
That much is mine. I mock at death.  
I should confess, you say? But yet—  
For life alone I have regret.

L'Envoi.

O bubbles of the vanished wine  
To which my lips were never set,  
O lips that dimpled close to mine  
Whose ruddy warmth I never met.  
Father, but trifles these—and yet—  
They are the things which I regret.

FRANCOIS VILLON.

## THE SUMMER GIRL PERENNIAL

(They were sitting together on the sand in bathing suits. He is sunburned and she, too, has a nose liberally sprinkled with freckles. They look at each other. Follows more looking—and more. Both single, she tremulously; he contentedly. Finally, she smiles slyly; he smiles boldly. He pours sand over her fingers. She pouts. He puts his hand on hers.)

She (trying to blush)—Don't.  
He (tightening his grip)—Why?  
She—Because.  
He (sitting closer beside her)—But I like to.  
She (looking at her hand lying in his)—Why?  
He—Oh, I don't know.  
She (making false pretenses of the liberty of her fingers)—I'll have to go.  
He—Why?  
She—I have to.  
He (quietly putting his arm about her)—I won't let you.

She—You mustn't do that.  
He—Why?  
She—Because you mustn't.  
(He after looking around and seeing that no one observes them, suddenly kisses her.)  
She—Oh!  
He—What?  
She—You shouldn't.  
He—Why not?

But he found out why not, for early that fall he met her face to face on the avenue, dressed in the most harmonious autumn style.

He rushed forward eagerly and raised his hat, "Gladys," he cried. But with a glance of queenly disdain she merely looked at the bowing and blushing youth with the lemon soda hair, side-stepped him with consummate art and delicacy, elevated her nose into the air, and passed on. Cuthbert reeled and began to walk up the avenue as though he were climbing Mont Blanc. This is an old, old story, but Cuthbert was very, very young and had to learn it.—Town Talk.

Vicar—"Amid all your troubles, Mrs. Grundy, I am pleased to see that your gratitude to Providence does not fail."

Mrs. Grundy—"No, sir; rheumatiz is bad, indeed, but I thank 'eaven I still 'ave a back to 'ave it in."—Life.

## HAPPENINGS AND WHEREABOUTS

The coming of the Wizard and Queen Sirrah will occupy considerable of society's time next week, and there will be very few formal affairs. Then, besides the carnival, people will be getting home from the canyons and resorts, those who are going away to school and college will be making their preparations and half a dozen prominent brides-to-be are busy preparing for the weddings and receptions with which the month of September will be filled. Thursday evening will be society night during the carnival, when it is expected that practically all of the society people owning cars will have them in the parade which is for private vehicles only. Many fantastic decorative schemes have been arranged, and it will be no easy matter for the judges to award the prizes.

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Following the carnival the theatrical season will open; the Salt Lake theatre, the Utah and the Orpheum announcing splendid attractions for the first week. De Wolf Hopper will open at the Salt Lake theatre on Tuesday, September 1st. Trixie Friganza is announced at the Orpheum as the headliner, where the season begins Sunday, August 6th, and "Our Wives" will be played at the Utah theatre the first week of the stock season, also opening on Sunday, the 30th. This is to be an elaborate production and will include, besides the excellent stock company which has been engaged, Mrs. W. P. Kiser of this city, who will take an important part. It is some time since her friends have seen her on the stage, and they are waiting to warmly welcome her.

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It wouldn't be surprising if the coming winter will be rather gay, for most people will stay at home. They will not do much traveling; few, if any, will go abroad, and the general outlook in the metal market is such that most of those who do considerable entertaining are hanging out the crepe, and so we shall probably find them with us through the season. If so, it would be a fairly good plan to inaugurate a series of assemblies or dances such as the old town has not enjoyed for many years, the idea being to unite in a general way all of the little cliques with an invitation list of more or less elasticity, the whole to be in charge of some one who will give it the attention required.

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Cards have been issued for the marriage of Miss Virginia Post Beatty to John Soley Seltridge, which will take place on Saturday evening, September 1st, at the First Congregational church, followed by a large reception at the home of the brides parents, Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Beatty, on East First South street.

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Mrs. George Sutherland has been the honored guest at a number of bridge teas and receptions since her arrival from Washington. Mrs. George Raymond Walker gave the first delightful affair at her home in Cottonwood, Mrs. E. A. Wedgewood was the hostess at another at her apartments on Wednesday, and Mrs. Morris L. Ritchie gave a tea for her at her home on Friday.

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Mrs. Jack Findling was the hostess at a luncheon followed by bridge on Wednesday at the Louvre, given in honor of her sister, Mrs. O. Ornstein of Chicago.

Among those who entertained at the Country club on Wednesday were Mrs. George S. Gannett, Miss Lena Hague, Mrs. J. D. Ingram and Mrs. C. Ira Tuttle.

James Payne is at Carmel-by-the-Sea with his niece, Mrs. George Rose, and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Rose.

Mrs. John A. Marshall and Miss Mary Marshall